

# Happiness Pony

happinesspony.com

An enterprise that hath a stomach in't.

May 2012



Exotic Curiosities  
Worcester, MA  
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Happiness Pony Convention  
Reportback

BY JACOB BERENDES  
Damn, PonyCon 2012 must've been crazy because I do not remember any of it!

And while I definitely do not condone extreme inebriation, there is much (or at least something) to be said for a temporary remove of one's person from one's body. We all get drunk and do stupid stuff at parties every now and then, but the next day we remember, and then we can put a spin on it, we can get it back under control. But in a blackout situation, you are not only not in control in the present, but you can't even look back from the future and control the situation retroactively! It's like being dead except instead of rotting in a tomb you're (maybe?) making out with people or (hopefully not) fighting. Not for every day, every week, every month, or even every year, but for occasionally, with big ifs, maybes, and however.

Anyway like I said I'm not sure what happened—if I did or said anything big-time unwieldy at PonyCon, or if I ruffled anyone's feathers (so to speak) . . . listen, I can't ask for forgiveness, and I can't ask for understanding. I can only ask for acknowledgment that there is a veil that we enjoy peeking behind, and sometimes it is lifted by accident. All that stuff is under there.



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## Worcester's Sky Tunnel

Worcester is known for its labyrinthine underground tunnel systems and crypts. But did you know about the tunnels of the Worcester skies? Next time you are on Airport Hill, look up and try to find a very low-lying cloud formation that looks like a series of three concentric circles. Worcesterites have been puzzling over this one since the city's founding. Albert Abraham Michelson tried to build a ladder to the tunnel system in 1930 but died before its completion. (*Shane Capra*)

## Salt for the Unsalted

BY BRUCE "SNOW GHOST" RUSSELL

*Dear Bruce: What are you eating?*

Tofu. It's pretty great. If I didn't know if was tofu I'd think I was eating someone's toes!

*Dear Bruce: My running is going really well. Any tips?*

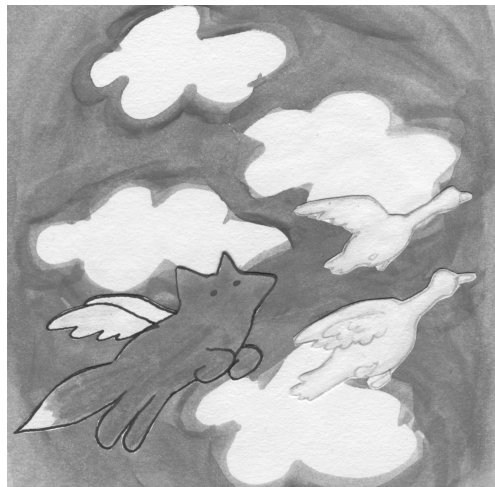
Next time you're going to have to run over a bag of coffee!

*Bag of coffee? I don't even know what that means.*

Work with me. You have to have a little imagination for these words of wisdom.

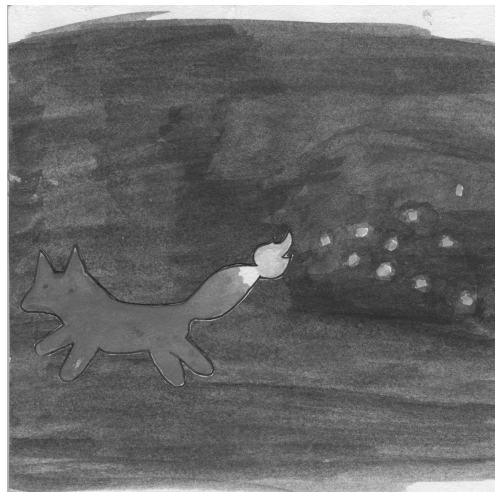
## Foxes

BY CINDY BRENNAN



The geese attached wings to the fox, so that he could fly with them and learn their cry.

The fox accidentally fell into the village of the fireflies, where he saw fire for the first time. The fox gave two fireflies necklaces made of berries and joined them for a festival. Secretly, the fox tied a piece of cedar wood to his tail.



The fox put his tail near the fire, and the piece of cedar caught fire. The fox escaped the firefly village, spreading fire throughout the land, with the fireflies in pursuit. This is how the Apache people came to have fire.



This Truth  
Never Fails

A Zen Memoir

in Four Seasons

by David Rynick

Book launch party June 11,

7:00-8:30 pm,

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Civilization is the process of turning the incomprehensible into the arbitrary.

Venkatesh Rao



POCKET DOORBELL

It is in the Apple App Store and will make your phone a contemporary doorbell. CNET called it "Dumb, yes, but kind of cool, too."







Godzilla defends Mt. Wachusett from a daikaiju Asian Long-horned Beetle. This tree-destroying bug entered New England via Worcester in 2008. Painting by Jon Hansen.



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## Extreme Restaurant

A RESTAURANT REVIEW BY STEPHANIE RICHARDSON

Jen Burt and I spontaneously stopped by. Spoiler alert: The place is *fancy* inside. They have cloth napkins and tablecloths and placemats! Not much veg-friendly food besides the appetizers and sides and even with those there isn't much. You should get the plantains. They were delicious and artfully displayed. We got free salad and toasted bread stuff, which was very yummy. Watch out . . . if you casually order water, it will come in a bottle and cost \$1. There are a few flatscreen TVs playing reggaeton booty shaking music videos. We saw so much booty shaking. At one point the waitress fast-forwarded one of the videos of a lady by a pool in a bikini because the booty shaking got a little too risqué.

Extreme Restaurant is hardly extreme in the ways I hypothesized it would be if it actually opened, but it is probably worth going once.



STEPH IS WRONG  
A CORRECTION BY JEN BURT  
I think it is worth going to Extreme Restaurant more than once.  
Extreme Restaurant is at the corner of May and Main, Worcester.



PANDA  
PANDA  
BLING  
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HAPPINESS PONY  
Income Statement  
April 2012

<b>Revenue</b>	
Donations from editors	\$81.28
Ad sales	\$0.00
Other donations	\$0.00
<b>Expenses</b>	
500 copies	\$81.28
Test copies	\$0.00
<b>Net Income</b>	\$0.00

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editor@happinesspony.com

## Invisible Dog

BY DAVID RYNICK

I have decided to get an invisible dog.

I'm tired of being envious of others who go outside and walk the street—not for exercise or anything so virtuous—but just because they have to. While I waded through email and plan workshops they interrupt their important work to walk the dog before he messes the carpet.

So this afternoon I leave my desk and walk slowly down the street in the sweet afternoon sun—just taking the dog out for exercise. I can't go too fast or too far. My imaginary canine friend has to stop and smell everything. For me, an easy saunter, but just breathing the late summer air and feeling the sun on my head seems to be enough.

My invisible dog is old and not very adventurous. Most days he is content just to sniff his way down our familiar street—appreciating the new scents on a well-known tree trunk and noticing the subtle smells of approaching autumn. My dog needs to go out every three or four hours and likes his meals spread out over the course of the day. He's content to lie appreciatively at my feet while I work, but when I stand up, he wants to stretch and be petted. Ah yes, this is what he loves most. He loves attention—to have his ears scratched—to be patted and pushed and played with. He is a great comfort to me, my new invisible dog.

This is our world—the sights and smells—the slow wandering down familiar roads. Without thinking, we know we belong here.

*David Dae An Rynick Roshi is a Zen master and resident teacher at the Boundless Way Zen Temple in Worcester, Massachusetts. This article is excerpted from his forthcoming book This Truth Never Fails.*